PRICE FIVE CENTS.

This Week!

This Week!

Slashing! Cutting!

Cost Prices Forgotten

We Are In Earnest

It is our rule to close out stock as near as possible each year, before invoicing, and it is with this honest intention that we will, this week, introduce some prices to this market, the like of which were never before equaled, when it is taken into consideration the Quality of Goods Offered

Buy Now While You Can

Read the Prices:

150 Misses' Jackets, 14, 15, 18-year sizes, Choice, \$5.00 worth from \$7.50 to \$13...... Choice,

Special Juvenile Long Coats, 2, 4, 6-year. Choice, \$7.75 sizes, worth from \$8 to \$15...... Choice,

Tailor-made Suits, worth from \$17.75 to Choice, \$10.00

75 Juvenile Jackets, 4, 6, 8-year sizes, some Choice, \$5.75 worth as high as \$11.75...... Choice,

BOYD, BESTEN & LANGEN

39 East Washington Street.

QUICK TIME

To CHICAGO

Pennsylvania Short Line Leave Indianapolis...*11:35 a. m. *12:35 night Arrive Chicago...... *5:00 p. m. *7:15 a. m.

Day train has high grade Standard Coaches and Buffet Parlor Car. Night train has high grade Standard Coaches and local Sleeping Car starting from Indianapolis, and open to receive passengers, 8:30 p. m. Ticket Offices: No. 48 W. Washington St., No. 46 Jackson place, Union Station and Massachusetts-avenue Depot. GEO. E. ROCKWELL, D. P. A. E. A. FORD, G. P. A.

VANDALIA LINE.

The Short Line for ST. LOUIS and THE WEST. Leave Indianapolis Daily-7:20 a. m., 8:15 4 m., 12:40 noon, 7 p. m., 11:20 p. m. 7:12 p. m., 1:44 a. m., 7 a. m. Parlor car on 12:50 noon train daily and local sleeper on 11:20 p. m. train daily for local sleeper on 11:20 p. m. train daily for Evansville, open to receive passengers at

street, No. 46 Jackson place and Union Sta-GEO. E. ROCKWELL, D. P. A. E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent.

SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES. ATKINS E. C. & CO., Manufacture CROSS repairer of CIRCULAR, CROSS CUT. BAND and all other BELTING. EMERY WHEELS union Station.

SAWS BELTING and EMERY WHEELS

SPECIALTIES OF W. B. Earry Saw and Supply Co 132 S. PENN ST. All kinds of Saws repaired

ABSTRACT OF TITLES.

THEODORE STEIN, ABSTRACTER of TITLES Corner Market and Pennsylvania streets, In-cianapolis, Suite 229, First Office Floor, "The Lemcke." Telephone 1760.

Half-Price Bible Sale

THE ALLISON-ENOS CO., 92 North Meridian Street,

CHAFING DISHES And BAKING DISHES FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS New Goods and Low Prices

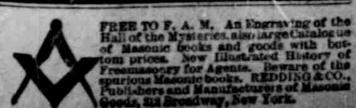
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John C. Ruckelshaus, FITZGERALD & RUCKELSHAUS, Attorneys at Law. 73 and 74 LOMBARD BUILDING. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SEALS, STENCILS, STAMPS.





SURPRISE SPECIAL SALE NO. 40-

Men's Underwear

Camel's Hair, Derby ribbed and Merino, some with silk front, others with plain front, regular made -on sale one week only-per gar-

As High as \$15

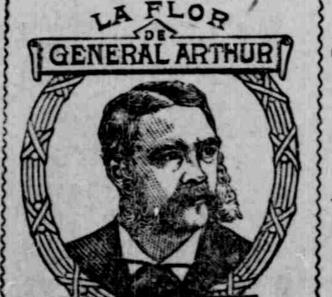
We sell All-Wool, perfectly modeled Suits for Men. From \$1 to \$5 we illustrate every style of Children's Suit creation. Stiff and Soft Hats, newest block, at 98c. Cloth and Plush Caps we offer from 25c to \$1.50. Gloves as low as 15c. Shirts, fancy and plain, 50c up. Pants of reliable weaves, \$1 to \$4. This—the Globe's first holiday season—is a time of rapidly-moving and ever-increasing business. Bright, fresh, clean stocks, at the new-era prices, bring the multitudes. To one and all—to friend and stranger we give that same guarantee bond:

WE'LL PROMPTLY REFUND THE MONEY SHOULD ANY PURCHASE FAIL TO PLEASE



"Just tell them that you saw me"

SMOKING A



And they will know I am up at the top.

There's no better cigar made; It suits me to a T. It's always the same. I recommend it to my friends.

Everybody out our way smokes the "General Arthur" Cigar and won't have any other

I OUIS G. DESCHIED. Sole Agent.

Sunday Journal, by Mail \$2a Year which is one of the greatest turpentine and tell you how these men of money work up through my head. But I just kept on their appetites by walking. The air here the others, and no one ever knew the difference."

MILLIONAIRE RESORT

JEKYL ISLAND, WHERE MANY RIC MEN SPEND THE WINTER SEASON.

Fairyland Where Wealthy Men See Recreation from the Hurry and Worry of the Business World.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.) WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 25.-I wonder if President Cleveland visited the Isle of the Millionaires during his last week's trip to the South. There is no doubt he was very near to it. But the details of his journey have been kept secret, and no one knows whether he has been wading about the swamps trying to bring down the festive snipe with his gun or whether he has been rolling in the lap of luxury with the nabobs of the United States.

The Isle of Millionaires! Have you ever heard of it? It is a lone retreat for the Robinson Crusoes of Wall street and Fifth avenue. A fairyland belonging to a club whose members have men Fridays by the dozen and who live in palaces rather than in huts. I visited it during my recent trip to the South. It lies just about eight miles from Brunswick, Ga. surrounded by the warm salt waters of the southern Atlantic. It belongs in common to about five score millionaires. It is estimated that the aggregate fortunes of its owners foot up several times one hundred million dollars, and it is said that every man who loafs within its clubhouse spends his tens of thousands of dollars a year. It is known as Jekvl island, and it was bought admission to the club is now worth thousands. The island cost the club \$125,000 Jekyl we could see the cottages shining anyway, and never went unless he had to, prickly leaves and bright red berries, everwhen it was only a stretch of sand, marsh out of the trees. We rode for some miles for the sake of some one else. But he green twigs twisted into ropes long enough and forests. Since then hundreds of thou- through low, marshy lands, which are rather changed his mind later about to reach from ocean to ocean, wonderful sands of dollars have been expended upon famous for their hunting and are filled 'Trilby.' That is, he thought it was aw- mistletoe boughs, mosses and lichens, transplanting palm trees and making other

No one can land on Jekyl island unless he has an invitation. Steamboats cannot stop there, and the millionaires are as safe from intrusion as they are behind their English butlers in their homes in the great cities. The privacy of the rich surrounds them and the golden key of blue blood allied to wealth is required before membership to the club can be obtained. So far little has been said about the club in the newspapers. Some of its members, I venture, look down on newspaper men, and one especially, who belongs to the Vanderbilt family, and who usually sails down here from New York in his yacht during the winter, always has a private secretary with him to keep off the press. Still there and a notable figure is the Hon. Joseph Pulitzer, who comes here after New Years for his winter rest. He has for the past two seasons rented a cottage at Jekyl, paying, I am told, \$1,500 for six weeks' rent, an average of \$250 a week, to merely have a roof over his head. Think of paying more than \$30 a day for the privilege of living in a two-story house. Add to this perhaps \$75 additional, and you have about the daily expenses of one man at Jekyl, He brings his horses with him. He has six, which come in their special car some weeks in advance in order that they may be acclimated before his arrival. He has his private secretary and his own servants, and his family chef keeps his table supplied to such an extent that he hardly island and his own house at home. Though shut off from the world, however, the world is not shut off from him. There is building on City Hall square. J. Pierrepont Morgan gets away from his pusiness

fortune clothes his solitude with luxurious | like \$25,000,000 a year. He has made a for- is two and one-half miles from any part of "It's true, people used to send him jokes is James Hill, of St. Paul, who back in the railroads than any other man in the coun- trouble about getting something to kill. such other property, that his pile is measthat he knows to a cent the wages of each

try. He owns the Great Northern, has a ured by the tens of millions. I am told to try to get rest, and shoots and hunts in man whose special car carries him here is

by inheritance. Some are polite loafers, dependent electric light plant, but these ittle more than try to kill time, | rich men can stand it. and a chapter might be written on the rich women who come to Jekyl to while away the weary hours. The younger girls two hundred carpenters and masons at come to flirt and get husbands, for the work upon it, and it will have, I judge, matches made here are sure to be good about a dozen apartments. It is being from a financial standpoint at least. They | built with a packing of wool or hair bebring their poodles with them, and I was | tween the walls, in order that every sound shown here a photograph of the thousand- may be deadened and so that the milliondollar dog which was owned by the girl aire of the floor above may not hear the whom Frederick Vanderbilt courted at snores of the millionaire of the floor be-Jekyl and came so near marrying. The low. Everything is, of course, of the most dog sits on a plush cushion, and I am told | luxurlous nature, and money is of no obit wore a gold collar. Its pudjy little hose | ject when there is any question of comfort was kissed again and again by this beauti- under consideration. I could write a coiful heiress, and I venture that young Van- umn about the beauties of the grounds. derbilt has many times wished himself in its place. Then there are the Goelets, the to carry tall palm trees from other parts regularly registered on the Jekyl Island | could describe other extravagances which Club book. There are millionaires from | are possible only to the rich. I could write about the miles of magnifi-Cincinnati and other great cities, and, in fact, a representative of most of the great | cent drives along the coast and tell you fortunes of the United States may be

found in the club. WHERE WESLEY MADE LOVE. President Cleveland would be delighted by a visit to Jekyl. It is a fairy island.

mixed with that of the tropical plants of | walk for miles without tiring. Then I the South and the soft salt air of the sea. | might speak of the surf bathing. Think of Jekyl does not lie alone on the waters. it-there is surf bathing here in midwinter Within a few miles of it are many beauti- and there is hunting and fishing all the ful islands, the famed Sea islands which | year around. If you don't like such amuseembroider the coast of South Carolina and | ment you can take a drive, and if you have Georgia, and which are noted for raising | not your own horses there is plenty of good the finest cotton in the world. It is now winter here in the North, but Decem- It is true that a double team will cost you ber in Jekyl is like June in Dakota. The \$200 a month and your bill for your riding flowers are in bloom and nature has on its | horse will be more than half that. Horses seven-leagued boots of luxuriant life. Your surroundings are those of perpetual spring. ey is king, as here, there is nothing cheap. The air is such that it opens the soul of and even horses are dear. the most ascetic. It was here that the pious Charles Wesley fell in love, and here John Wesley came to straighten out his brother's troubles. Here John Wesley preached some of his great sermons, and it Wesley stood when he composed the wellknown hymn, the first verse of which is:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land
"Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible! A point of time, a moment's space, Removes me to you heavenly place,

Above Jekyl is St. Simon's island, upon which Fanny Kemble lived for a time, after she had married one of the Sea island cotton kings, and it was there that Governor Oglethorp fought the Spaniards more than a quarter of a century before our independence was declared. I went to the island with Mr. C. W. Deming, the newspaper man of Brunswick, who made himself famous through his reports of the yellow fever here of some years ago. We had a little naphtha steam launch, and our captain and pilot was a one-eyed negro who knew less about a boat than the average salt-water sailor does about digging gold in the Rockies. We started at noon and wound in and out among the islands through narrow channels until we came into a wide river or strait which lies betheir winter quarters. We landed at the wharf and spent some hours in going about the island.

A GREAT GAME PRESERVE. States. Jekyl island is eleven miles long and about two miles wide. It contains 14,-000 acres, and this is of such a character that it is adapted to all kinds of game, Thirty-five hundred acres of it are of salt marsh. Twenty-five hundred acres are of heavy oak and pine forest. Twentyfive hundred acres are of old Sea island cotall kinds of game will thrive. The forests are full of deer and wild hogs. In the gamekeepers' lodge I saw specimens of the game which had been shot, and they embraced are found here naturally, but many of the 'We get thousands of quail every year and moonlight night, and it is no trouble to

"I should think that a good sportsman would soon kill them off," said I.

here in the winter, and it is good sport."

In one season they laid 1,000 eggs, which were hatched out by barnyard hens. When but who now does a business of something | takes a turkey call to bring them out. It and his income is enormous. He travels to | nearly always stay. In the salt marshes the club's launch to the island. Then there | and grain fields are filled with quail. Then there are plenty of woodcock, plover and

COTTAGES AND CLUBHOUSE. I spent some time in looking at the buildings on Jekyl island. The cottages are not very extravagant-that is, they are not extravagant as rich men's homes. They of the 10,000 men in his employ, and that are rather extravagant as cottages, for his brain never stops working from one they cost all the way from \$15,000 to \$60,000 year's end to the other. He comes to Jekyl each. There is one fifty-thousand-dollar house that has never been occupied. The this warm climate when the thermometer | millionaire who ordered it built thought railroad millionaire who has a membership has not come to see it. The clubhouse in the club is George Gould, and a third itself cost, I am told, about \$100,000. It is a big three-story brick building, with a Calvin S. Brice; the capitalist and United | tower at one end and with an immense States senator. Pierre Lorillard, the rich circular porch running around it. It is tobacconist, spends some time at Jekvi, heated by steam and it is now being lightand Cornelius N. Bliss, who is now spoken ed by electricity. It formerly had gas, of as a possible secretary of the treasury but the result was not satisfactory, and in McKinley's cabinet, is another rich so the building is being torn to pieces

I went through the new apartment house which is now being built. There are about I could tell you how boats were employed

the sea and roll over and over upon the day. I could tell you how the millionvoluptuous gulf stream, the air is always | see it, and during the greater part of the balmy, and the trees are always green. It | year even "Miss Kilmansegg with her golis, you know, just opposite Brunswick, Ga., den leg" could lie here in peace. I could back again. All sorts of plans rushed sweet smell of the long-leaved pines is is pure; it is full of ozone; and you can

are cheap everywhere else, but where mon-

And so, as I think again of the beauties of Jekyl, I wonder whether President Cleveland really went there. It would be a splendid place to plot a big financial scheme with Pierrepont Morgan, or envoys from Cuba could slip across the water and land at Jekyl without any one knowing. He may have gone there to shoot at the razor-back hogs which roam through the woods or the gamekeeper may have had orders to turn out a few thousand quail in the range of his gun. He may have-but you can never tell what the President has done. I know that Fighting Bob Evans, who went with him, won't tell, and that his physician, Dr. O'Reilly, who was also along, like all good doctors, keeps the se-

TALKS ABOUT HIS FATHER

cret of his patients, especially when one of

the patients is the President of the United

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

The Son of Du Maurier Offers Some Interesting Reminiscences.

bits of land lying below it. As we neared to see it. He always hated the theater, and several times after that. "As for the book 'Trilby' my father grew

very tired of the furor which that created.

ridiculous, and the very name grew wearisome to him. Personally, I like 'Peter Ibbetson' much better than 'Trilby,' and I think father also thought it was the better book of the two. He was very much interetsed in the new book, 'The Martian, and preferred it to either of the others.' Mr Du Maurier spoke with affectionate reminiscence of some amusing peculiarities keep a strict watch. One of these was the matter of costumes for his "Punch" drawings, and for the illustrations of his books. "He had not the slightest idea of fashion, People supposed that he noticed these things, of course, and girls used to come to call upon my mother and sisters, got up beautifully, and expecting that would want to put them into his drawings, But, dear me, he hadn't the least notion of what they had on! My sisters looked to it old-fashioned,' and he would give in im-

"He was even putting poor Trilby those Latin Quarter scenes of forty years clothes for him to use. He did have models, you know, for the postures and the clothes, and so on, though the face of the Trilby was purely ideal. Little Billee's siter, by the way, and Sweet Alice, were both taken from photographs, I forget now of whom,

mediately to what he recognized as their

"It was such a standing joke in the fam-

'Is that right?' he asked, a little puzzled, but putting the question in perfect good faith. I assured him that all the fashionable young men in London were wearing that sort of evening dress; that it was the latest and the only proper thing. He was entirely satisfied, and was drawing any longer, and told him the joke. Otherthat sketch to Punch. "It must have been a tremendous tax to supply Punch regularly with jokes and caricatures for so many years," remarked the

writer, thoughtfully. from all over England but he didn't use his own. It was a tax. Sometimes it worried him not a little, and to see him walking up and down the room trying to think of a joke." added the son, smiling in spite of himself at the recollection, "oh,

it was awful "After his books became so popular he all parts of the world. A good many came from admiring women, especially American women and some of them were vastly amusing. I have no doubt many of them thought he was a young man. Well," flectively, "he used to let his grandchildren answer most of those. I fancy the writers were rather disappointed. Then there were numbers of letters relating to the dream part of 'Peter Ibbetson.' My father didn't he wrote it as if he did. But so many peo-'I have tried sleeping on my back.' one head, but I can't succeed in "dreaming never investigated it particularly nor

Peter Ibbetson were actually those of your perhaps more directly into that than the The dislike of cruelty to dumb animals which he mentions in several places would shoot or hunt in any way when he was a young man. He didn't mind boxing, creatures, lower in the scale, was very repulsive to him. In some way the subject of stage fright came into the conversation, and it ap-

peared that George du Maurier as a lecturer was not altogether free from that distressing feeling. "He was to lecture once at a large hall," mother beforehand, to look the place over The manager took them upon the stage or platform, which was unusually large, and

told father that that was where he would

"'Why, no!' exclaimed the manager in and to the very doors,' and he indicated immense size of the house. "'What,' exclaimed the father,

don't mean to say there'll be people in all hose hundreds and hundreds of seats? feavens! I never can do it in the world. voice could be heard in every part of the

"I have had stage fright myself, and to act, and when I was singing some cossized audience. I suddenly forgot, in the middle of the second verse, every word of what was to follow. I remember how I wondered whether it would be better for

WINTER IN WASHINGTON

GLIMPSES AND GOSSIP OF SOCIETY AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

How the Families of the President and Cabinet Spend the Holidays-Gen. Grant's Granddaughter.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24 .- The Nation's capital is, as it should be, the greatest social center of the country, as well as the political, literary and scientific, and its annual "season" is a synonym of all that is brightest and best in America. Despite the little war-cloud (heaven grant that it grow no bigger), and the fact that the present stars of first magnitude on the social horizon will soon be in the eclipse with the change of administration, the winter promises to be unusually gay. Already society of its carriage wheels is heard in the wee sma' hours of the morning. Just now the yuletide festivities add an extra touch of brilliancy, for nowhere is Christmas more generally and generously observed than in Washington. The whole city is garlanded evergreen, and wreaths are hung in every and especially as one woman, to the gathering of "Christmas greens," for which they tramp the Virginia hills and scour the woods "across de branch" (of the Potold that it was going to be dramatized. tomac) for miles around. The result of However, he said he didn't care what was | their unwonted activity is piled high in the market places and on the street cornerswagonloads of holly, with its dark green,

time, and are seldom disappointed.

WHITE HOUSE CHRISTMAS.

characterized their enjoyment of the day. The three young ladies of the nursery are older and therefore better able to apprebaby eyes; and in the evening the little share its dazzling splendors and assist in sucking the paint off its toys. Since then the children's Christmas party at the White Marian is quite able to keep up her end in The big Christmas tree, bigger than ever must not be touched until late in the afternoon, when the small guests are all asgives just as generously, not only to intimate friends, but to all kinds of charities

Vice President and Mrs. Stevenson are established in their usual comfortable quarters, at the Normandie, and have with daughter, Miss Letitia, and their only son, Mr. Lewis Greene Stevenson, and his wife. "Ah, indeed, you may well say so," re-turned Mr. du Maurier with animation. The eldest daughter has already passed two Christmases in the Better Country, tucky. Mrs. Stevenson's sister-in-law, Mrs. Scott, will arrive next week, with her pretty daughter, Miss Julia, who is to be married in Washington this winter to Mr. Vrooman, of Baltimore.

THE CABINET PEOPLE.

keep open house and entertain all the

vote the day unreservedly to the pleasure Christmas in official life. Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle are entertaining their customary large family party, including Mr. and Mrs. Wm. K. Carlisle, their son and two lovely daughters, from Chicago, with the usual accessories of a great tree and roomful of gifts. Secretary and Mrs. Lamont will celebrate Christmas under their own roof tree with their young daughtersand there are four of them this year-including the tiny Miss Katharine, whose first birthday is several months in the future. Secretary and Miss Herbert have with them the other daughter of the house, Mrs. Micou, and her husband and children, and will "waas heal" in the gool old Southern fashion. Attorney General and Mrs. Harmon also have a family reunion, their daughter, Mrs. Wright, with her husband and son, having come from Philadelphia for a protracted visit. Postmaster too, in a reunited family. Secretary and Mrs. Morton appear to be the only exceptions-not in happiness, but in hope deferred. They will spend Christmas alone in their apartments at the Portland, for something has prevented the secretary's sons from coming to Washington with their families, as was expected, until later

THE DIPLOMATS.

The diplomats, who are mostly Roman Catholics, spend Christmas each after the for the celebration of mass amid clouds of incense and the soul-inspiring strains of the old masters that have made all the years since they lived melodious. There are a number of new faces in the diplomatic circle this winter, and their owners are